'Tis St. Valentine's Day, and Oh! Do Not Say Nay.

A BOY'S VALENTINE.

I might begin, "The rose is red" (Though that is not so very new), Or this the boys all think is good, "If you love me as I love you."

Is nicer when you do not say The same old things that every one Keeps saying in the same old way. And I asked Jane the other night

And I asked Jane the other night
What grown up people write about.
She would not answer me at first,
But laughed till I began to pout.
That stopped her, for she saw I meant
The question (and she will not tease),
"Why, love," she said, "and shining eyes,
A kiss, soft hair—just what they please."
It can't be hard if that is all,
Bo I'll begin by saying this:

"To my dear lady beautiful
I send a valentine and kiss,
The valentine because she has
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes,
The kiss because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies,
Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known.
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same, to her alone"

There! Now it's finished. Who will do'
I've thought of one and then another.
Who is there like it? Why, of course,
I'll send it right away to mother.

MISS SALLY.

A VALENTINE STORY BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPEB

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Miss Sally, here's your mail." Miss Sally looked over her spectacles at her neighbor's little daughter who had brought her letters, smiled kindly, thanked the child, and rising went to the pantry and brought out one of her crisp caraway seed cookies as a reward of merit.

The little girl sejzed it with eager hands, and after taking an enormous bite looked solemnly at Miss Sally and went away.

Miss Sally settled herself in her high



MISS SALLY LOOKED OVER HER SPECTACLES and enjoy her mail, for her letters were few and far between, and when three were handed to her at once they signified an event in her humdrum, monotonous exist-

Miss Sally was poor and old and plain. She lived alone in a little weather beaten cottage on a quiet street in a quiet country town. The cottage was stained by the storms of many years, but over its humble porch trumpet flowers flaunted their gorgeous blossoms, and the Virginia creepthe narrow windows geraniums, fuchsias, pinks and wax plants stood in brightly polished tin cans and bits of broken crockery. Everything within the house was scrupulously neat and tidy. Miss Sally's sewing machine glittered and shone like some petted steam engine. It was almost human to the lonely old maid. She carned her bread and butter by it. It was her sole companion. She loved its whir and clat-She talked and visited with it. She anointed it with oil and polished it with chamois skin until she could almost see her kind old face reflected in its shining

Miss Sally had not always been poor and old and plain. There had been a day when she was young and pretty, the favored belle of the little village, the daughter of well to do parents. But they long since had lain down to their last sleep, leaving no heritage to their child. With the years had flown Miss Sally's beauty and sprightly ways. She was now only an old maid and her sewing machine.

But Miss Sally's heart was all right.

She was not an imbittered busybody, acid, garrulous and envious. Wherever sickness with soothing hands, low voice and a rare knowledge of roots and herbs. Were "watchers" needed to sit through the aw-ful night by the side of a sheeted, frozen form, Miss Sally was never wanting. When the annual donation party came off for the "elder" and his family, which begen at nountide and extended to the midnight watches, Miss Sally stood in the front of the battle and baked, cooked and washed dishes until she was ready to drop. If there was any disagreeable or exacting Sally was never found shirking.

Every small country place has a Miss Sally, a self constituted, self ordnined sis-ter of mercy, to whom with one accord "I don't know nothin how I'd manage ' said her next door neighbor, Mrs. Esta Hobart, "ef 'twan't fur Miss Sally.



WOUNDED TO THE QUICK.

lay or of the young una git to squallin, I jest put on my bunnit an ran over there, an she knows jest what to do an allus makes me feel first rate. I do take comfort with Miss Sally."

That was its Everybody "took comfort" with Miss Sally. She made everybody "feel first rate."

This goutle, kind hearted old maid loved children, and, as a rule, little folks were very fond of her. Miss Sally's proficiency in the matter of caraway cookies has already been mentioned. It is perhaps unnecessary to hint of pumpkin ples and red yaspherry jam. Oh, that jam of Miss Sally al Even now, at the mere thought of it, my mouth waters and my lips involuntarily smack.



There were, however, several young imps in this country town who would not be won by Miss Sally's kindness or cookown by aliss Saily's kindless of cook-ing. They stole her apples and trampled down her flower beds. They made faces at her on the street and hurt her by joer-ing remarks about her condition in life. Young brutes are to be found in every

It was from one of these hobbledehoys that a blow, destined to hurt and injure the inoffensive woman, came the morning on which this story opens. Mist Sally syed her three letters with a rapture unknown to those with whom a large mail is a daily occurrence. She held them up and carefully scrutinized the postmarks. She felt of them to discover their thickness. She hesitated for some time before opening them. It was such a treat to have three letters!

At last she opened one which bore the postmark of a distant western town and

read a letter from a second cousin who had recently moved toward the setting sun. Miss Sally read Cousin Elvira's let-ter with relish. There were many bits of family news which greatly interested her. At last she came to this line: "You never could guess who is living here. Do you mber your old beau, John Terry?" Miss Sally dropped the letter with a

nick exclamation. Did she remember? A tempest shook the lonely soul. The long buried past came back. Youth, beauty, love, hope, passed in hasty and mournful procession before her. The poor, plain old maid was once again a slim, graceful slip of a girl. She saw a face at once handsome and tender; she heard a loving voice. Poor Miss Sally! It was too much for

her. She could not finish the letter. The tears were falling down her thin cheeks as she hastily returned it to the envelope and laid it one side to be reread when she was "I'll just glance at the others," she

thought as she wiped her eyes on her gingham spron. The second letter was merely a note regarding some sewing. The third -ah! When Miss Sally opened that envel-ope and saw the contents, she felt indeed that her cup was full.

A hideous, coarsely painted comic val-entine met her eye. A frightful old woman, with corkscrew ringlets, huge beak, cross eyes, gannt form, scrawny neck and mincing attitudes, was portrayed upon the cheap paper. It was labeled "Old Maid," and some wretched doggerel under the picture stated that this object, a withered, grizzly, ugly old hag, was in search of a husband and was a terror to all single

The vile caricature slipped from Miss shrinking, sensitive soul was wounded to the quick by the insult. Possibly she might not have felt the stab so keenly had it not come directly upon the letter which had spoken a name she had not dared to breathe to herself these many years.

This, then, was her St. Valentine's day.

Miss Sally had forgotten it was the 14th of February. Why should she remember it? But these two rode shocks brought the day forcibly to her mind.

Rising, she crossed the room to an old fashioned sceretary, and opening a drawer took out an envelope, yellow with age. From this she drew a bit of paint and lace and rosebuds—a valentine, the only one she had ever received, sent her years ago fixed by one arrow, and there were some simple rhymes inscribed which breathed of love and fidelity. Its lace was frayed, its paint dimmed. Only a faded leaf dropped from the mournful rustling boughs of ory, but dear to the desolate old maid who held it tenderly in her tollworn ha

"How happy I was," thought Miss Sally, "the day I got it! I remember jest how father laughed when he handed it to me. Well, well, I didn't think then that John and I would fall out, and that he'd out west and marry somebody else.



covery.

When your flesh is reduced below a healthy standard, when you are troubled with pimples and boils, or if you have dizzy, weak and alcopless, spells—its lest to heed the country. Built-up your strength, purify the blood, and set all the organs of the body into activity, by taking the "Discovery." It's guaranteed to benefit or cure all disease resulting from impure blood or inactive liver, or the money paid is refunded.

Pahaw! I am an out fool. There ham t no fool like an old one." And Miss Sally re-turned her valentine to the drawer in which it had reposed so many years, then, after burning the abominable picture she had received, went about her sewing, grimly resolving she would waste no more time on the past. "I'll finish Elviry's let-ter this evening." She started to the sew-ing machine. "That'll be a pleasant way of passing an hour."

The day drew to a close. Twilight deepened into dusk. Miss Sally made her tea and sat down to her lonely evening meal. Occasionally she cast a glance toward Elvira's letter, which still lay unread on the window sill. She wondered what more there was in it about John. 'At last her curiosity got the better of her, and leaving her second cup of tea untasted she took up the letter, and adjusting her spectacles prepared to read it at all costs. At that moment a knock came on her

Miss Sally laid down the letter and hastened to answer the summons. In the dusk of the winter evening she saw a man standing there, a tall, well built, well dressed man, who politely lifted his hat and asked if Miss Sally Staples lived there. "Yes, sir, walk in," said Miss Sally, all

in a flutter. The stranger entered, and with one quick glance took in the surroundings, the wholesome, meagerly furnished room, the frugal supper, the sewing machine Then he stole a glance at Miss Sally, noting the plain, stiff gown; the poor, thin, needle pricked hands; the gentle, kindly, pathetic face. Then he took a step or two oward her, and as she gave a start and a nulf terrifled exclamation becaught her in his big brawny arms and cried, "Sally, don't you knew your old John?".

And the windows of heaven were opened

After they had quieted down a bit and talked it ell over, after Miss Sally had given John Lis share of her tea and toast and had, moreover, brought out the caraway cookles and the red raspberry jam,



"LET'S PEGIN IPT DEFL AGAIN." she began to look a little troubled, and a faded blush passed over her face.

"Your wife, John," she murmured apologetically. "I declare I was so taken being married. You must excuse my forwardness I didn't mean no harm," she

added humbly.
"My wife!" repeated John, "Why, didn't Elvira Jenkins write you? She told I get a letter from her this morning

said Miss Sally, "but I really hain't had the time to read it," which was probably the first lie Miss Sally had ever told. "I was just a going to as you knocked."
"Well, you read it," said John, smiling
to himself, ' while I take another saucer
of that there jam."

of that there jam."

Miss Sally reopened the lotter and found the place where she had left off reading. "Du you remember your old beau, John Terry! He lives here. He is a very rich man and hes been a widower three years. He asked lots about you last time I saw him and sald write you he was going east a nurroom to see you."

a-purpose to see you."

Miss Sally dropped the letter again. She scarcely dared look up.

John, having finished his jam, came over, and putting his arm around her took her hand in bis and kissed it tenderly,

My wife is here, Sally, if you will have it so. I hain't never ceased to love you. We was foolish, both on us. Let's begin And so Aliss Sally's valentice came to

thin and rough as it was

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A VALENTINE STORY.

Ob, but those were jolly February days, all shine and snow and jingle and bells—that is, for most people. To Laddie it was rather gloomy, though he saw the sun thine and the snow sparkle and heard the sleigh bells tinkle, as everybody did. But Laddie was a little fellow-very little for 7 years-and he hadn't many ways of

amusing himself when shut up in the house, especially when mamma was too weak and tired to read to him or invent games. This was the case now, and it was a very hard time for poor Laddie, as you may imagine. He waited on mamma quite cheerfully, however, and even helped Hannah, the woman who came now and then to do the beavy housework, with good grace, but still there were many empty

ours and some very sad ones.

Mamma's headache seemed to grow orse, instead of better, as the days went by, and often he saw her crying quietly. He knew then that she was thinking of papa, for she always cried when she thought or speke of him. Papa had gone away in a big ship somewhere, long ago, when Laddie was a baby, and the ship had been wrecked, and he never came back. Laddie often asked if there was no hope of his ever coming, but manima looked so sorry when she said, "I'm afraid not, lit-tle one," that he had about given up try-

ing to find out any more.

One day, it was the 18th day of this sparkling February, Hannah sent Laddie down town on an errand, and he gayly set off, glad of any chance to be out, if only for a short time. As he passed the gay shops he eagerly looked at the bright pic-tures their windows presented, wishing be were rich enough to buy some of the love-ly things for mamma.

His checks burned with excitement as he looked at the gay pictures and thought how surprised and glad his mamma would be if he should send her one.

Without stopping to remember that he owned only three pennies in the world, and that money was scarce at home, he be-gan trying to decide which one of the valentines would be most appropriate for his sweetheart mamma. Finally be chose one which had a blue background, with Cupid riding across it on a rose colored cloud. The card was framed with a plush border and would look very rich on mamma's mantelshelf. So in he walked boldly and said to the clerk near the door.

"How much is that blue valentine?" "Five dollars," answered the clerk, with a queer smile at the small, rather shabby, figure before him. The smile changed to a look of pity, however, as he saw Leddle's eyes fill with tears. He put his hand on the little fellow's shoulder and said, "See here, my boy, there are some very pretty valentines on this shelf for 50 cents, and here are some nice ones for only 25."

Laddie brightened and then began choosing among the cheaper ones until he remembered that even 25 cents was a large amount when one's entire fortune consisted of 3 coppers. He suddenly looked up and sald:

"A fellow couldn't carn 22 cents be-tween now and temorroy, could he?"
"Why, I dare say he might by trying hard," answered the clerk cheerfully.
"There's quite a good bit to be carned sometimes by carrying people's satchels from the station."

So quite hopefully our little man sped away in the direction of the Western sta-As he neared the place he saw that the train had already come in, for num bers of people were hurrying toward town in carriages or on foot. latter, however, appeared to have much to carry, and at first there seemed no chance of getting a job. But as he saw a big, good natured looking fellow carrying a small valise, he accosted him eagerly:

"Don't you want me to carry your baggage, sir, please? The man looked down at the bit of hu-

manity before him and then at his valise Then he laughed long and loud, shaking so that Laddie felt as though an earth quake were convulsing the pavement be neath him. At last the man found breath

"Well, little fellow, I don't see that I need much belp with this thimbleful of baggage, but that man who has just passed has a lot to carry. Maybe he'll

Before the sentence was finished off darted the boy so fast that he overtook the heavily laden traveler and fairly tangled himself in the long overcoat as he said: "Will you please let me carry this big-gest satchel? I'll do it cheap!"

This man did not laugh-at least not aloud—and Laddie felt encouraged, though the satchel looked rather formidable. Well, well, youngster," said the stranger, "you don't look as though you could manage such a heavy load, but you may take this smaller bundle, if you can carry it as far as Central hotel, for I'm in

a good deal of a hurry."

a good deal of a hurry."

Would you pay more for the big satchel?" he asked. This time the new man did laugh and said pleasantly, "No; carry the small one, and I'll pay you whatever you ask.'

"Whatever you ask!" Could it be possi-e? Then he could get the whole sum at oncel But, no. Perhaps this would seem too much to pay. "Twould do no harm to ask, however, so he said, taking the bun-

dle and trudging bravely along:
"Would 22 cents be too much!" "Well, that's rather a queer sum, but I bink I can stand it. Why don't you think I can stand it.

make it an even quarter, though?"

Then Laddie told all about his valentine plan, and the 3 cents already in his pocket, which could be bought for a quarter. The gentleman was very much interested and watched his little companion closely as he went on. At last, when Laddie stopped to take breath, he said:

"Why don't you ask your papa for the "'Canse papa isn't here. He never was here since I can remember, and I don't know if he's dead or not, but mamma al-ways cries when she fells about him?"

The gentleman stopped suddenly, and looking engerly into Laddie's upturned face asked one more question: "Mamma calls me Laddle, but my real name is Lawrence Raymond . That was

"We'll get her one connerrow dear the anest one in town, but now show me the way home and tell me all about her." So they harried toward the humble house, Laddie telling about mamma's iroubles as well as he knew how and listening to bits of papa's strange story,

Down went the load of bundles on the pavement, and Laddie found himself clasped close in the strong arms of his new St. Valentine's Morn. clasped close in the strong arms of his new friend. He didn't quito understand it nor why the samer aimost subbed as he said.
"My haby," baby!" He hardly liked that, and so, traightening himself up on tall as he could, he said sturdly, "I'm 7!"
"Yes, yes, little man," taughed the gentleman, but you used to be my baby, and I have come back to you. Now, let's hurry to mamma as fast as we can."
"Without the valentine?" said Laddie, hardly realizing the truth as yet.

ardly restlating the truth as yet.
"We'll get her one tomorrow, dear, the parilla, because it purifies the blood.

ton for 1895.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Pair Highest Model and Diploma.

which sounded almost as wonderful as Robinson Crusoe. At last they reached the door, and Laddie rushed in, crying exitedly: "Mamms, it's come back—the valentine

-papa-22 cents-ob, dear!"
Mamma gave a start and a joyful cry.
Then suddenly Laddle found himself once more warmly embraced, this time, however, in two pair of arms instead of one,

and he felt queer to see both mamma and the new found papa crying over him. But the queer feeling gave place to a most happy one when after awhile he saw mamma sitting at the table with a bright look he had never seen on her face before and heard her say to papa:

"Laddle has brought me the best valen-tine I ever received!"

An Expensive Luxury.

In olden times St. Valentine's day cost people no inconsiderable sums. "Pepys' Diary" records some curious customs dur-ing the reign of the "merry monarch," Charles II. Thus Mr. Pepys says in his diary on Valentine's day, 1667: "This morning came up 5 my wife's bedside (I being up dressing a yself) little Will Mer-eer, to be her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold let-ters done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5, but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." Later he adds, "I find that Mrs. Pierce's littie girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others." Of Miss Stuart, who became Duchess of Richmond, Pepys ote, in describing her jewels, that the Duke of York was once her valentine and presented her a jewel valued at £800, or \$4,000. Lord Mandeville was thus a giver in a jewel worth £300. Being drawn as valentine imposed a certain obligation on the donors. Pepys wrote on another Val-entine's day: "This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made ately as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamends. With this and what she had she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewels of one kind or other, and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with." The word wretch," it must be remembered, was



I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN! For Faint Hearts.

Don't get discouraged, young man. Asylums may be necessities, but boarding houses are not. Homes are a luxury, and you do well to try to start one. There will be obstacles enough to your purpose without inventing any for you or your hinking up any for yourself. No matter if your spelling is a little weakkneed and your rhymes need tuning, if you have mething to express, express it, or try anyway, and when you have done your best—a postage stamp on it, and away it goes, and may the blessing of St. Valen-tine go with it. Even if you should fail to affect the adamantine heart of this particular lady, you will at least have taken a step in the art of expression and learned something perhaps that will be of use to you some other time. There are a good many girls in the world these days, you know bullseyes are not made by the roung chap who stands always with his hands in his pockets gaping at the target. Take a good shot. The custom of Valen-



Apollo has peeped through the shutter
And awakened the witty and fair.
The boarding school belle's in a finiter.
The twopenny post's in despair.
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom and spray,
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's day

Salt cheum with its intense itching, dry, bot skin is cured by Hood's Sarsa-

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WON BY A VALENTINE.

Bells ringing, girls appearing in the halls and public rooms, forming groups with a general air of suppressed excitement, marked St. Valentine's day at Lewiston school. Charma Sldney was wandering idly up and down the lower hall with her chum, "Goosle," hanging on her arm. "Goosie" won her nickname through her gentle disposition and artless, straightforward manner. Charma said plaintively, "How I wish there was a valentine for me, but I know of a certain one likely to remember me in that way whom I don't want to nevertheless. I wouldn't accept a valentine from him-no, not if he brought it himself. Jack Landon may marry whoever he wants to. He can't have me."

"Goosie" looked up admiringly and thought that any one who declined chances with such readiness most be great indeed and wondered if she could ever do the

A little sharper tingle than usual of the bell below aroused Charma from the reveric into which she had fallen: then some one called from the hall, "Miss Sidney!" She flew down the broad staircase, assured that a valentine had come for her, and in deed was soon kneeling in the midst of a crowd of girls over a box of fragrant roses reposing snugly in their cotton bed, the white satin streamers half hiding a tiny card that had slipped down among them unnoticed. Charma rescued the card some what triumphantly and read, "Mr. Jack Landon." But this was not all. As she knelt above them, lifting them out and inhaling their fragrance, "Goosle" picked up a diamond ring that had fallen floor and held it out with a flourish, crying: "Look, look, Charma Sidney, what your valentine means! You'll have him now, won't you?" But Charma was spellbound for the moment by the message or a little slip of paper found under the roses

and which she read with flushing cheeks. "Must I go back?" it said. "Love, love you. Cannot I come to you, sweet the roses I send, precious as this little diamond and as lasting as all eternity. Let me come."

Charma was our only postgraduate for the year-that is, after a regular graduation she had returned to school to "brush up" in elective studies. Her reappearance opening day had made us both glad and sorry-glad because she was a good companion, sorry for the reason-but therein lies the key to my St. Valentine

Lewiston holds before its pupils the old fashioned idea of woman's sphere as the head of a home with all the term implies, and if graceful, stately Charma, with her speaking gray eyes, wavy brown tresses and not at all of a student nor bluestocking temperament had been obliged to return to school to cover up her failure in woman's natural role, what would become came to go trooping out to conquer, or, alas, to be conquered by the fate that pur sues old maids? Yes, we did love her, and we couldn't understand why the rest of our kind, particularly mankind, didn't love her too. The secret of it she had guarded well, but we forgave her that when she shared with us the secret of her valentine gift.

"Jack Landon is my dearest friend," she said, hot with blushes, when we had caressed away the tears. "How is it you never told us?"

You see, we weren't engaged-that is, he hadn't really proposed, but it wasu't his fault," pleaded Charma. "It was

"You loved him and wouldn't own it "Yes; I did love him, but every time he wanted to say something to the point I turned it off, pretended not to understand, or to be interested in astronomy or botany or music or any subject at hand that I could turn to as a foil. Girls, I confess !

biuffed him simply because I was fasci-nated with the game."

The confession cleared the atmosphere for all concerned. Jack soon followed his valentine in person and gave Charma no valentine in person and gave Charma no chance to turn Cupid's shaft away again. Like a good soldier, when beaten in slege, he had adopted a ruse-de guerro, for which the day had given a capital excuse. Our star pupil remained with us until commencement, and as she went away from Lewiston the echoes of schoolgiri goodbys were mingled with those of wedding bells and congratulations to Jack Landon's bride, wood and won by a valentine.

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